

A Guardian Angel.

It is said that every new-born child has a guardian angel appointed expressly to attend it during all its earthly life, and to do whatever such angelic ministry can accomplish to aid it to be fit associate of the white-winged company in the great hereafter. These attending spirits are never visible to our eyes, and their presence does not kindle in our hearts a very warm glow of love for their timely help, even in the hour of our greatest need. But we have seen some ministering spirits, wearing the flesh and blood of the race, in whom the angel was not all concealed, and it has occurred to us that it might be a pleasant introduction to present one of these to our readers.

David Williams was a Welsh mechanic, many years in this country, a great respecter of folk-lore and homely superstitions, a little easy-going in his industrial habits, and altogether too fond of what is known in the internal revenue law as "distilled spirits." His wife Jane, whose father was a countryman of her husband, inherited from her Scotch mother a stern and uncompromising intolerance of anything approaching to shiftlessness, and a sharp way of using her tongue that was apt to leave a little sting in her speech. David had his dreams and omens, and would stay away from his work whole hours in the morning, when warned by either of these that the day was not suited to industry. The interval was not passed, however, at home, but in the neighboring saloon, where much of his hard earnings were worse than wasted over the too familiar bar.

If Jane had been tender and winning she might have done more than she did, perhaps, to correct this vice in her husband, but her stinging rebuke and angry prodding only made the matter worse. David was a rare workman, and before he indulged so freely had come to be foreman in one room of the shop where he was employed; but this evil habit made it only a question of time when he would lose that promotion. One night he had seen in his slumbers a snake and a goose together, and the union was too foreboding for his philosophy; so the next morning he went to the saloon instead of the shop. His wife suspected this, and, with her usual resolution, she put on her bonnet and shawl and followed to the liquor-seller's in search of him. When she found him, glass in hand and not a little inebriated, she berated both him and the saloon-keeper sorely. To escape her bitter speech poor David fled to the shop. He was in no condition to work, and as soon as he made his ill-affected appearance his doom was sealed. The senior of Piper & Co. had seen him staggering in, and, calling him to the counting-house, told him in plain terms that a man who had no control of himself was not fit to control others, and he was therefore discharged on the spot.

The wife secretly blamed herself somewhat for this result of her morning raid on the saloon, and succeeded in having her husband accepted as a common workman, but under a new foreman. David's spirit chafed at this, and his visits to the saloon were more and more frequent. The wife would try to control his earnings, but when he had no money he would get the liquor on trust, and altogether his affairs were growing worse and worse. Just here we will introduce to our readers a sweet, thoughtful face, very pale, but with a winsome look about the mouth and in the dark blue eyes, as we saw it framed in the window of that cottage home. She was the only child of the house—and had then a slight, thin form for a girl of eleven years.

What she had done or essayed to do to stay her father's downward course up to this time we cannot say, for we never knew her before this sad hour, when her mother lay dead after only a few hours' illness, and she was at the window watching for his returning footsteps. He was not himself when he came in, but she led him to the bed and the sight of the lifeless face on the pillow quite sobered him. After the funeral he would go to work, and asked Janie, who was now his little housekeeper, to put up his dinner for him. "I will bring it to you," was her quiet answer. He looked inquiringly into the dark blue eyes fixed on his face, and he saw all that was meant in this quiet answer. She knew how hard he spent his "noonings," and as far as she could help it there should be no more of such miserable waste.

When he was ready to go she had her little hat in her hand, too, and to his question, "Where to now, lassie?" she pleaded in answer, "Let me go with you, father, to the shop!" He could not say her nay, but as they neared the saloon where he always took his morning dram, David paused a moment and said, "Run on, Janie, and I will overtake you at the corner," to which the little girl, clasping his rough, brown hand tightly with both hers, and twining the wee fingers around his, replied lovingly, "We are all alone in the world now, papa, don't go anywhere you would be ashamed to have me go with you!" He took a step or two onward and said, irresolutely, "I am afraid I can't go by, I am so used to going in." But she would not yield, and only answered, "Hold harder to my hand and do not mind it, and it will be ever so much easier next time."

She saw him safely into the shop, and when the dinner hour came, if he had cherished a thought of a noon visit to the old haunt, it was too late, for she was at the door of the work room waiting for him. How dutifully she had set out in the shady nook selected for the occasion the little array of nice things she had brought him. And as he ate, she took out of her pocket the Sunday-school paper she had brought with her, the only literature upon which she could lay her hands at home, and read him the

little stories printed for the children. He seemed to be a child once more, learning hymns and hearing Bible histories at his mother's knee; and the intermission seemed all too short when the bell summoned him again to his work.

He was not surprised, we think, to see her again at the door when evening came, and it was easier, as she had said, to go by the saloon than it had been in the morning. After supper he insisted on taking hold to help the washing of the dishes and putting away the things; and then she bro't out the Bible given him by his mother, which he had not opened for many years. The bed-time came before he was ready for it, and after his head was on the pillow he went back a long way in memory to search for a pleasant evening that would parallel the one then closed.

Every day the little hand was put in his for the walk to the shop. Each noon came the faithful girl with the dinner, but they had more money now, and she brought the morning newspaper to read to him. And he never missed those loving eyes watching for him at the door when his day's task was done. After a few weeks he said one day:

"Janie, dear, I can go by the saloon now, without your guiding hand, if you are tired of the work."

To which she answered simply, "But I so love to go with you, papa!" and he urged her no more.

When twelve months had gone by since David lost the foremanship, a new foreman was to be appointed, and Messrs. Piper & Co., supposed that he would apply for the place, but he did not. They had watched the little maiden in all her saintly work, and so they called her in one day and asked her about her father's habits. "He has not tasted a drop of liquor since my mother's death," she answered. "But how do you keep him away from the saloon?" they asked. "He holds my hand," was all she said, and they restored him to the old place. We will not say how long ago that was, nor how tall and shapely now is the form that was so slight when we first saw her at the window. Her mission work is not yet ended; what the future has in store for us we cannot say, but she is still the Guardian Angel of a life that but for such loving ministry, would have long ago gone out in midnight gloom.

That tired feeling, so subtle and yet so overpowering, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones and strengthens the system, and gives good appetite. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. "100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of this peculiar medicine.

The Eastern and Western Soldier.

Captain Henry King, writes as follows in a paper on "The Western Soldier," in the *Century* for May: "The thing about the man from the Potomac that the Westerners thought most peculiar was his persistent admiration of McClellan. They could not understand why he should think a man a great soldier who had organized so much victory that never came to pass, and avoided so many defeats by reversing the theory of Hudibras, that military honor is to be won, like a widow, with brisk attempt, 'not slow approaches, like a virgin.' It seemed to them that while their Eastern brother's McClellanism, as they denominated it, included certain technical virtues that were undoubtedly worth having, it also tended to confuse and hamper him in the presence of circumstances to which they were always superior. He excelled them in drill, they frankly acknowledged; he wore his uniform as if he had never worn anything else, and in all his actions there was a distinct and self-conscious air of martial propriety. It was not true, as was grotesquely asserted, that he wore a corset, used cosmetics, and slept with gloves on. But it was true that he was remarkably fastidious, and attached much importance to his wardrobe. The deprivations of the siege of Chattanooga would probably not have vanquished him, had he been there to bear them, but his endurance would have lacked the capital cheerfulness which was displayed in that extremity of hunger and raggedness. Perhaps he would have joined in the search for undigested kernels of grain which had already served as food for horses and mules, but it would have been with a countenance bereaved of the power to smile; and certainly he could not have surveyed himself in patches and tatters and found it possible to exclaim, as did a Western soldier under those conditions, 'Oh, no, I ain't sufferin' for clothes, but my heart's a-breakin' for a diamond breast-pin!' He was not so constituted. His home life had not qualified him for sacrifices of that kind. He could and did make them, let it be remembered to his honor; but he never learned how to do it in the Western mood of ready and tonic buoyancy."

OBSTINATE INDIGESTION—Obstinate cases of indigestion, constipation, piles, or liver complaint, are easily cured by a few Hamburg Figes, as may be proved at small cost. Dose, one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

An article in a valued exchange is headed, "Do you read advertisements?" Well, about three times a week we are led into reading a thrilling account of something by an eye-witness that tails off into a cake of soap or a bottle of bitters; but it is not our fault, and it isn't a means of spiritual growth or moral improvement.

Willie (regretfully)—I'd like just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I 'spect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you mustn't kiss the boys. Gracie—Yes, that's what she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well! She says to me, she says, Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys. Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Billy's.

The value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical blood medicine in the market, because the most pure and concentrated. Price \$1. Worth \$2 a bottle.

The Debt Owed to Washington.

What then do we owe to one whose inauguration to the high place of president we are about to celebrate; first, in this great office over a people, which, by his prowess chiefly, had become a nation among the nations of the world? It is well that we have given his birthday a place among our few national holidays. That birth was the beginning of a career as yet undreamed of, the introduction to the memorable scenes of half a century later, and it ought never to be forgotten. It was foolish to say that if he had not been born this nation never could have lived, for surely God is not so limited in his resources that he could make but one such man in a century. But it was equally foolish not to recognize the special fitness of this one man for the place he was to fill and the part he was to play in the drama of which these western shores were to be the theater. It may have been that there were men of equal military genius among the generals of the Continental armies. Doubtless there were men of more liberal culture and no less intellectual vigor. There were not a few whose integrity and purity of purpose his did not excel, and in whose bosoms burned, as brightly as in his, the fires of a patriotic fervor. And yet, whether by the peculiar endowments of his nature, or by the special opportunities of his position, it is not saying too much to assert that there was no man in his time, no man, perhaps, in any time, in whom there were combined the many and various qualities necessary for the place and the work to which he was called. It was not easy to recall any name in the history of any people of whom it could so truthfully be said that wisdom was in his heart while the weapons of war were in his hand. As warrior and as sage alike he challenges our admiration. If wisdom be better than weapons of war, then was he better than others, for in wisdom he excelled; and if to be mighty in war is to be great, then surely none was greater than he, for none ever showed a more unflinching and persistent courage, none ever encountered and conquered greater difficulties.

We honor him, therefore, not merely for his skill in the management of his forces; the caution and the courage he displayed amid the perils and the conflicts of those years; the fortitude with which he endured the labors and privations of the march and the camp; his patience in the siege and his valor in the bloody fight. Even more than for all this we honor and applaud the consummate wisdom which he showed all through his life, from the time when but a boy of 16 years of age he was employed by Lord Fairfax on some difficult civil work to the day when he laid aside his honors and his office at the age of sixty-five and retired to the peaceful shades of his beloved Mount Vernon. No one who reads his life can fail to be impressed with this as something certainly not less worthy of note than any skill displayed or any victory won on any field of battle.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—We have made arrangements with Dr. J. C. Kendall, Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work by sending their address (enclosing a recent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall, Co., Knoxville, Pa. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal success, over ten million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this plan in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Mistakes in Language.

A professor of English literature has prepared the following list of words and phrases to be avoided in conversation or writing:—
Guess, for suppose or think.
Fix, for arrange or prepare.
Ride and drive, interchangeably.
Real, as an adverb, instead of really, as real good.
Some, for somewhat; I have studied some.
Some ten days, for about ten days.
Storm, for rain.
Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
Singular subject with contracted plural verb; she don't skate well.
Plural pronoun with singular antecedent; every man or woman should do their duty.
Except, for suspect.
First-rate as an adverb.
Party, for person.
Promise for assure.
Posted, for informed.
Depot, for station.
Stopping, for staying.
Try and, for trying to do.
Cunning, for small.
Cute, for acute.
Funny, for odd.
Looks good enough, for well enough.
Somebody else's, for somebody else.
Like, for as.
Not as good, for not so good.
Feel good, for feel well.
Between seven, for among seven.
Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.
More than you think for, for more than you think.
These kind, for this kind.
Nicely, in reply to inquiry for health.
Healthily, for wholesome.
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.

An old physician, being once appealed to for some general, comprehensive rule for the preservation of good health, replied: "Keep clean." Cleanliness, from a medical point of view, generally means the absence of noxious germs. The laity generally comprehend in the term freedom from foreign substances, while the psychologist and moralist have reference to the purity of the mind and soul. All these combined would form the first principle of good health. Freedom

from all filth with reference to the body and its surroundings, freedom from contamination of mind and soul, would make the individual not only free from material pollutions, but would inspire him with a sense of cleanliness, a feeling of purity that would cleanse life and glorify the consciousness of living. There is a meaning in that word "clean" that penetrates beyond things seen and touches the mental and spiritual nature of humanity. Cleanliness in a material sense may not abhor dissipations and debauches which oppress life with a sense of impurity, vitiating the sources of health and impairing its enjoyment. "Keep clean," is an admonition carrying with it an inspiration which not only invigorates life, but makes it enjoyable and beautiful. Cleanliness brings not only comfort and health, but it adorns living, and gives existence a charm, imparts consciousness of life, real enjoyment, thought and feeling of existence, the purpose and sanctity of living. There is a world of meaning in the words "keep clean." The physician, the psychologist and the moralist united in that one advice would give to humanity a law of health, the observance of which would not only purify physical existence, but would inspire a consciousness of the enjoyment of life and animate it with its hopes, purposes and destiny.

Excellent Prescriptions.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits, and I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also. Now, then, for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticks of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed with briar and thorn Must be content to lie therein.

For a fit of ambition, go into the church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and the afflicted, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things that have been given you in this world. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his button-hole.

L. D. Richards of Neb., who served during the war in the Vt. Reg't. commanded by Redfield Proctor, now Secretary of War, tells the following story on the Secretary: In the winter of '62 and '63 the regiment was in camp near Bull Run with everything quiet in camp when one day, to live up affairs, a foot race by the field and staff was proposed and agreed to.

The proposal was to put up a post 150 yards away when all were to run and the last to touch the post should pay for the supper. They were all there—Groat, Spaulding, Bullard, Cummings, McMillan and Proctor—stripped for the contest. "One," "two" and "three" was counted and off they went with Proctor in the lead. Gradually the others passed him while he was puffing like a steam engine. Bullard was the last to get ahead of him. All had reached the goal and touched the post with Proctor in the rear—it seemed a sure thing—and there was some hurrahing on account of it—counting on a good supper at his expense. But Proctor went by without touching the post and explained that it was not necessary to run very fast to win a wager of that kind. They saw the point and Bullard furnished the supper.

The young emperor of China was royally reckless with his money on the day of his marriage, as the following sample items will show: The mandarins of Pekin were furnished with wines to the value of \$150,000; the parents of the bride received a gift of a million tael dollars, with a "cushaw" of silks and satins worth three-quarters of a million more. The mere bunting and floor-coverings for the bride to walk on cost \$750,000, and the palace was decorated at an expense of \$3,500,000—so says the *Sin Ye Bo*, a Canton paper. And yet thousands of the subjects of Kwong Suey are dying of starvation, and collections are being taken in civilized countries for their relief! Strange—and yet not strange! It has been the custom for centuries for the ruling classes in China and other heathen countries to coin money out of the very life-blood of the people and to be indifferent to their sufferings. Our better way, our humane impulses, are due to the teachings of Christianity.

Editor Shepard, of the New York Mail and Express, filled the pulpit at the Knox Presbyterian church in that city Sunday night. His theme was "A day in the life of Jesus." He talked for nearly two hours, and as a compliment the choir sang, "The Lord is My Shepard." Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a remedy that has sold so well, or that has given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. H. C. Pierce, druggist.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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My Childhood's Enchantress.

When purple dusk fell on the sea, And the white moon shined in its me, When the wakening stars began to gleam, Watching aspen shadows play In huddling groups beneath the eaves; And fears, that childish fears weaves Of nothing, babbled sleep.

A step upon the stairway steep, Made gladness blossom out of fear— The step of my enchantress dear!

She came and sat upon my bed; An aureole was round her head, Of golden light—her own bright hair, Falling in wavy ringlets fair.

And, when she spoke, her voice was sweet, And, when she sang, her voice was true, And, when she smiled, her smile was kind, And, when she wept, her tears were blue.

What pencil could her portrait limn, What words could tell her name in vain, What notes could tell her voice in song, What notes could tell her voice in pain.

Her eyes were deep as midnight blue, Her lips were red as rose and dew, Her hair was black as raven's wing, Her smile was like a sunbeam's wing.

And when she sang, her voice was sweet, And when she sang, her voice was true, And when she smiled, her smile was kind, And when she wept, her tears were blue.

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Coughing

Is Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, N. H.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

EXCURSION AND OTHER TICKETS.

Get your tickets for the West of J. H. RATTI, G. N. Station Agent, at Barton, Vt. He has facilities for furnishing tickets at lowest rates. Correspondence promptly answered.

SAMPLES BY MAIL. Dry and Fancy Goods.

Write to us, stating the articles you wish to buy, and we will send you Samples by mail. From a wide variety of goods and prices per yard marked on each. Printed Circular of information sent with Samples.

EASTMAN BROS. & BANCROFT, PORTLAND, ME.

KILL THE Ticks and Lice!

We offer for sale in quantities suited to purchaser's wants, the celebrated McDOUGALL'S SHERR (non-poisonous) DIF. It is a liquid that will destroy without fail all ticks, lice and other vermin on sheep, hogs or cattle. One can make fifty gallons of the dip and cost only \$2.00. It gives perfect satisfaction and is used extensively in all this section—and the world over for that matter.

Phillips Bros., Glover, Vt.

House Decoration AND SIGN PAINTING!

To whom it may concern: Any person wishing an extra job of Sign Painting or Decoration in Water Color, Oil or Paper, or wish a job of Graining, now in your time, you can employ Norris Sargent, who is in town visiting friends and is one of the finest workmen. He can do any work that you cannot get done in town. He has been working in New York City and Saratoga Springs and large places for the last twelve years, and knows how. Address by postal card.

Norris Sargent, Barton, Vt. ALL KINDS OF HOUSE PAINTING.

Dasher—I hope you don't object to my smoking. Rev. Mr. Myde—No—not in the least, if you don't object to my being sick.

Justice—Did you ever take an oath, madam? Witness (indignantly)—No, sir! I'd slap the man's face who swore in my presence.

A New Hampshire man named Baker has 12 unmarried daughters and they are known throughout the country as "Baker's dozen."

A pauper woman who was being commiserated in having lost her teeth—Shoor an isn't it time to let me know them I've nothing for them to do?

He.—The waiter says we can't have an omelet. They haven't any eggs. She—I'd just as soon have mine without eggs. I always do at home.

Boarding-house mistress (sternly to hungry boarder)—"We are going to have gracy." Boarder (mildly)—"Glad we are going to have something."

First dude—I think Polly Raquet is just too masculine and vulgar for anything. Second dude—Isn't she? Why, do you know that last night she asked me to be her wife.

Magistrate to plaintiff with lump on his head—If your wife threw a sad iron at you, why didn't you dodge? Plaintiff—I did your honor, and that's how I came to get hit.

"This, sir, is a combination of two encyclopedias—the Cyclopaedia of General Information and that of—." "Thanks, my good friend, but I don't care for a bi-cyclopaedia."

Drummer—(entering a small country tavern): Accommodate me with a bed for the night? Landlord: All beds full. But we can take down the clock and let you sleep between the ticks.

A Cleveland man recently loined a five-hundred-dollar diamond ring to a Euclid avenue girl. It fitted so snugly that she couldn't get it off, and he had to marry her to recover it.

Mr. Murray Hill—Whom do you consider the most beautiful girl in New York? Count Countess—The one with the largest fortune. I have forgotten her name, but my attorneys have her address.

A primary school has returned to the a-b-c system of teaching reading, after having used the word system for some years, and a youngster was showing how well he could read "a-b-c," and interpreted it, "I see a hen."

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, George, how utterly heartless, almost wicked, we have become! Husband—What? It's awful to be so neglected of heaven's choicest blessings. We haven't had baby's picture taken for a week!

Mr. R.—Good-morning, Miss D.; delightful weather, is it not? True spring weather, indeed. By the way, Miss D., are you denying yourself anything during this penitential Lenten season? Miss D.—O yes. I've left off my scaliskin sauce.

A dragon, slightly drunk, was vainly trying to mount his horse, calling loudly on the saluts: "Saint John, help me! Saint Peter, assist me! Saint Paul, come to my aid!" By a mighty effort he jumped clear over his horse, then, turning around: "Gently, gently, my friends," says he, "not at once!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Terrible Flood!

OUR STORE FLOODED WITH NEW GOODS FOR SPRING TRADE!

LARGE LOT BARB WIRE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

NAILS, WOOL TWINE, SHEEP SHEARS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES, GARDEN RAKES, PICKS, CROW BARS, FEED BAGS, OX MUZZLES, POULTRY NETTING, ETC., ETC.

PAINTS: Mixed Paint, Varnishes, Lead, Oil, Alabastine, Brushes.

CUTAWAY HARROW.

It will be on exhibition at our store from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m., six days every week until further notice. Come early to avoid the rush. Respectfully,

H. T. SEAVER.

Now don't forget about this!

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